

# FOOTBALL

# JOKE ON COMRADE WORKED TWO WAYS

**Both Sides Had Chance to Laugh,  
but Supposed Victim Was One  
to Give the Last Guffaw.**

There are six members of an organization known as the "Six." Fine athletic and social clubs who stand ready to back one of their number for any amount in a general election. They are all of the same color, however, be he dark horse or lightning horse. This conclusion was reached after they arrived at the polls and it was convincing enough to suit them. A "Jack" is the appellation by which the members of the all-around "strapper" appear in the minutes of the next meeting. "Jack" is a title in itself. It all came about through a joke that did the rounds of the city. "Jack" was the name of a horse that was sold for six dollars; for there were six in the deal. "Nails" drives a brewery wagon and for some time has been known as "Jack" at the "barhouse." The reign of "Nails" as the "Jack" butt has now ceased. The night jokers, who are the "Six," decided to deliberate on something they were to pull off at the expense of "Jack." They laughed and chafed and teased each other and then they decided, they thought it so good. The following night Jack fell into the trap. Jack was named, with all the others, that he had the makings of a champion middle weight. Did they think so? Well, yes. They thought so. One of the jokers, who held the floor as being somewhat of a fighter, appointed Jack as the champion. He was to fight five to be his assistants and Jack began his workouts. Night after night, when his assistants were not present, he would, the day, Jack met his trainers at the

troubled for his workmen. The first title of gymnastic saw many a funny sight after that. Jake tossed a fifty-pound dumbbell about for half an hour, and then he took a rest. Then, nearly down from exertion, he was taken out for his run. Like a real fighter, he ran for an hour, and then he stopped, and, for fear the cold evening air might not agree with him, he had a heavy overcoat added. With a ten-pound dumbbell in his hand, he ran around the block for ten laps. The run over, he donned the gloves with his sparring partner. In the boxing ring, he had a hard work, he felt as though he had been carrying a couple of beer kegs up the side of a building.

His friends could not help talking about the affair. It was so funny, they thought, and people began to watch for Jake and his friends. The next day, the morning's astounding news that it was all a hoax was carried to Jake—and well Jake was

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